Publisher of

UP FROM THE HILLS
MEN OF THE ROCKIES
WOULD YOU LIVE IT AGAIN?
AND OTHERS

MEN OF THE ROCKIES

People I have known in the shadow of the hills

BY

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HEBER CITY, UTAH
Or Pennsylvania Hotel
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CHAPTER III

EPHRAIM KNOWLTON HANKS

Mormon Pioneer, Scout and Cousin to President Lincoln

Ancestral worship, ecclesiastic and parental,
is like everything else—just what we make it.

MALMSBERRY, England, is a suburb, twelve miles from London. Hankses have been land holders and residents of Malmsberry for generations. Church records and English history have mentioned people named Hanks since King Alfred.

Two Hanks brothers came from England in the Mayflower and made their home at Plymouth, Massachusetts, with the Pilgrim fathers. One was a bachelor, the other raised a family of eleven sons. His wife's name was Ripley. His family drifted into different parts of New England and people named Hanks may be found in many parts of the United States. I think they all originated in England and Plymouth.

Colonel Benjamin Hanks built his home on Hanks Hill at Mansfield, Connecticut. He and his family owned and operated a foundry in which were cast many of the iron cannons used in the Revolutionary War. They also took a prominent part in the fight for inde-

pendence. Some of those old cannons are still on exhibition along the Concord road in Massachusetts. The iron rails which surrounded the old State House at Hartford, Connecticut, were also cast in the Hanks foundry. After the war they made bells. When old Liberty Bell was cracked and taken down from Independence Hall, the bell which replaced it was cast in the Hanks foundry. Other Hanks residents engaged in the silk business in Connecticut, which probably was the first in the United States.

A family of seven sons started westward and south from the Benjamin Hanks home on Hanks Hill near Hartford, Connecticut. Two of these Hanks brothers made their home at Bronson, Michigan. Others settled at Everett, Pennsylvania. The third group of the New England Hanks family settled along the Potomac River in Virginia.

There lives in our consciousness a pride which we treasure sacredly as we look back over the doings of our forefathers when they have achieved great things. Equally, chagrin forces its way into our lives when our ancestors are undesirables. Mark Twain said, "Do not look up the family tree too high; you may find a nut hanging on its branches."

President Abraham Lincoln has left to all Americans and, in fact, to most of the thinking world, a heritage of liberal thought and manhood which makes all our accomplishments seem very small. Lincoln's doings,

Smithies by the roadside welcomed the young Hanks, and many meals and long sleeps were earned by Ephraim when he dispensed to these blacksmiths the knowledge he had acquired in making and tempering steel traps in his dad's blacksmith shop. Ephraim, like too many modern members, loved to add mystery and magic to his trap making and tempering of steel. The process was simply heating and cooling the hot steel quickly or slowly, but the boy would drop into the tempering keg a pill he made from salt, sugar or flour. After waiting a few minutes, he would temper the trap just as he had watched his father. These magic pills were sold to the curious who watched him do the trick.

Ephraim became a mule driver on the Erie Canal, and when he took charge of his first boat and mule the old dog refused to go along. Two years after Eph left the family home, the old dog returned. Eph finally arrived on the Atlantic sea-coast, joined the navy and spent four years of his young life climbing ropes, boxing, sweeping decks, furling sails; and in his navy training learned to take and obey orders and smile when he was treated rough. He returned to Madison, Ohio, after his stretch in the Navy, a grown-up Hank.

Alveris Hanks, Ephraim's brother, heard the commotion which was kicked up by the founding of Mormonism in New York and Ohio. He attended their meetings, read their books, joined the Mormons and

started west. The parental wailing and shocked neighbors were a perfect chorus of mourning. Ephraim decided at once to seek out his brother. After three days of inquiry along the trail he suddenly returned home and found Alveris, sitting on the wood pile. They went into a huddle. Family grief, neighbors' disgust, preacher's disdain, and a brother's love were dragged forth and back through Mormonism, and finally to incur the neighborhood and family displeasure, Ephraim joined the Mormons also, and forthwith the two brothers started west, and annexed themselves to the Mormon colony at Winter Quarters, Nebraska.

The Mexican War of 1846 was being fought. When the call came for 500 volunteers, Eph enlisted with 499 others. These Mormon boys were mustered into service and after a very short training started on the desert march through what is now the southwestern part of the United States. Short rations, scant clothing, long marches and hot deserts made their trip to San Diego, California, a very difficult journey. Many of the old soldiers that I have met in different parts of the country told me incidents of gathering food, clothing, and water while they were crossing the deserts. Hanks and his soldier friends did not go hungry. Cows were milked at night when lonely ranches were near; chickens, calves, pigs, and other articles of food were brought quietly into camp after painless extraction from the ranch yard. Rabbits, lizards, antelope, and

all the other desert game family played a wholesome part in the soldier menu of these Mormon volunteers. On this trip, Ephraim K. Hanks had his first experience scouting over the Western plains.

The war was over when they arrived at San Diego, California, and echoing in their minds was the last promise of Brigham Young when they enlisted, "I promise you in the name of Israel's God you shall not fight a battle," and during their time of service in the Army they did not fight. They were just too soon, or just too late, and were mustered out of service without one real fight.

They were a thousand miles from the home folks. Ephraim played troubadour, and fought the bulls in many a gala assembly. His fearless, careless way carried him high into the hearts of all the early Spanish fun seekers, and after romping for months with the Spaniards and senoritas in what is now Southern California, he annexed a partner named Casper. They gathered a band of Spanish horses, and drove them to Salt Lake City. When they arrived he was riding his favorite Spanish pony with Mexican bridle, saddle, and spurs; all the metal parts were silver. He wore a buckskin suit and sombrero when he joined his friends, and hereby hangs an untold tale. In the early dawn of the desert morning Hanks and his Casper friend came suddenly upon a dead man. The buckskin suit was Hanks' fit, and he wore it. No one knows how or when

the man died, or if anyone knew they would never tell.

Harriett Little, a beautiful young widow with one son, George, was among the Mormons, and they saw each other the morning he arrived. They were married, and later raised a family of seven children in Salt Lake City. Aunt Harriett was his first wife. She told me of his Spanish Mexican equipment which he wore the day she fell in love with him.

The gold rush to California of 1849 brought many emigrants overland. A wagonload of men stopped in front of the old tithing office in Salt Lake City. A big bully made the announcement that he would lick the first damn Mormon he saw. Ephraim Hanks happened to be that Mormon. Immediately he said to him, "Come down, boy, come down off your wagon." The bully said, "I'll go at him." Eph replied, "Here's your chance." That same big bully an hour later had one of the nicest whippings a bully ever took. Unassisted and without error Hanks used his Navy training, much to the entertainment of the bully's friends and the scattered population of Salt Lake City.

His heritage from his blacksmith father and the portable blacksmith shop kept him in touch with all the passing emigrants and the unshod mules and horses. Blacksmithing proved a real resource physically and financially throughout his life. Also, it made him bad medicine for weaklings and bullies. Pioneers are restless

and energetic. Unsatisfied, they forge ahead, always finding something to do.

Mountain Dell was his first permanent place of business. The site is now marked with a monument, perhaps a bronze tablet. It is in Parley's Canyon about one day from Salt Lake City by ox team. Ephraim in the afternoon rode his favorite saddle horse up the canyon. He found a mother black bear and her two cubs. The cubs went to the top of a small tree; mother stood guard. By the clever use of his lasso rope he proceeded to tie mother bear securely to the tree. He didn't have a gun, so he used his hunting knife tied to a sapling with a buckstring for a spear. When he came home he had mother bear tied securely behind the saddle and the two cubs in his arms. The cubs were kept for a number of years to entertain guests at Mountain Dell.

"Back Out" was the pleasing and popular game played among the pioneers and scouts. To test their courage often they would engage in hazardous adventures, knife throwing, rifle shooting, steer wrestling. When they would fail to match their comrades' courage or strength, they would acknowledge a "back out."

Jim Bridger was Eph's guest at Mountain Dell. They entertained themselves riding bronchos, shooting targets, wrestling steers and many other contest points until they were weary of equality. A big mother grizzly bear made headquarters in a grove of small trees near

the bottom of the canyon. Friendly Indians brought the news. Eph and Bridger decided to end their "back out" contest by bringing mother grizzly out of the thicket. Bridger and his dogs took the first turn. Three dogs went into the thicket, but only one came out. He was in a hurry with his tail tucked securely between his legs, yipping as loud as a dog could howl. Then Bridger, with a day of conquest behind him that was without laurels on either side, said to Hanks, "If you will go in and get her, I'll 'back out.'"

Again that long hunting knife tied to a sapling, into the brush went Hanks. Indians, Bridger, horse, and dogs waited patiently. The reflection from Salt Lake threw a golden glow over the mountain peaks. The silence of the night was whispering in the canyon. The long shadows were increasing. Hanks backed out of the brush and a long, dripping, red knife with its blood-splashed handle told its own story. Mother grizzly was forever silent and still. The Indians re-christened him, and from then until his death he was known to the Indians as "Queant," the Ute Indian name for bear.

The whole world seems to rejoice and announce its most vivid terms of rapture that the summer in the mountains is most glorious, but when the festival is over, and autumn lowers its colorful, leafy head, and old Jack Frost announces in unmistakable language the approach of winter, the animals as well as human beings prepare for the siege of snow and ice. Drifts pile

high and deep over the mountain tops. The snow plows, tractors, and road equipment of today have a tough job, but let us look to the snow-buried trails of the "50's." Oxen named Buck and Bright were the best trail-breakers Hanks ever knew. When they would come to a deep drift he would take off their yoke and they would burrow a hole with their body through the snow. After one or two trips through the snow they would return for their yoke and sled.

People of the Mormon Church first settled Utah. The hardships, difficulties, misunderstandings and poverty all had to be met by men and women who would not and did not shirk their portion. Ephraim K. Hanks was well known by the people who took part in the early activities of the Latter Day Saints Church. Few men served more faithfully in the hazardous undertakings of rescue and preservation. He made the trip alone, bringing the first mail from Omaha and St. Louis, following the Mormons west. News of Johnston's Army and the negotiations between Brigham Young and the U. S. Government were carried by him and his pack mules.

With the mail he camped one night on the east bank of the Platte River. Cold wind made it necessary for him to hunt shelter in a little cove near the water. He unpacked and hobbled his mules, gathered wood and knelt to light his fire. When he looked up at the horizon, Sioux Indians were approaching, war paint,

arrows and tomahawks all ready to do their ghastly work. Quick as the thought, he put the box of matches in the crown of his hat, and his hunting knife in the scabbard inside his boot. He took hold of a willow, which hung over the water, and swung himself under the bank into the river. He swam quietly under the bank until he could cross the river, where he rested until darkness hid him from his savage pursuers. Slumbering peacefully in the bottom of a buffalo trail which had been worn deep, let us hope he dreamed of home, warmth, and comfort.

At dawn the buffaloes were trailing to the river for water. Again he tied that long hunting knife to a sapling and with it hamstrung a big buffalo bull, skinned him and cooked enough meat over a fire to keep him from starving for a few days.

He located the Indian camp two days later on the other side of the river. They had taken his horses, food, mail, revolvers and would have made a nice hot fire around his feet but for his quick wit and prompt action. The night of the second day he swam quietly across the river after he had located the band of horses and the Indian night herder. Somewhere in the quiet depths of that black night's stillness, the Indian night herder went to the "happy hunting ground" unannounced, unsanctified, and unblessed. May the eternities rest his soul. The low whistle of Hanks called his faithful horse from the band.

When the sun rose the next morning, the band of Indian horses were on the opposite side of the river, and Hanks was herding them on a little knoll where they could be seen by the Indians. The Indians brought his saddle, guns, mail and all the other things they had taken, piled them on the bank of the river, and then retreated to the camp, beckoning him to come over. He crossed with his own horse and mules, took his saddles, mail, and equipment, and then drove the Indian horses across to their camp. After he had acquired his possessions he started west, rejoicing in his freedom.

Two days later the Indians again surrounded him. He rode to the top of a little mound where they could see him distinctly, and immediately began tearing strips from his ragged shirt, tossing them into the air, catching them in his mouth, chewing them, moaning, and groaning. He posed as a madman. When the Indians decided he was crazy, they went as fast as their ponies could take them in the opposite direction. Eph knew how Indians shunned mental disorder.

He followed the trail west over the top of a mountain which sloped suddenly into a little valley. Sioux Indians were dancing a war dance. They saw him. He could not retreat. He rode directly to the chief's wikiup, where he was surrounded by yelling, howling savages. He dismounted and again they took his horses, saddles, mail, and equipment piece by piece. He went

into the chief's tepee. On a blanket was lying a young Indian who had just been thrown from a pony. His back was seriously injured, so that he could not move. Hanks could talk and understand most of the Indian language. The chief pointed to the boy and said, "You white medicine man make my boy well. We let you go."

Hanks washed himself, placed his hands on the Indian's head, administered to the Indian boy after the form which the Mormons use. Phenomenal healing has engaged our deepest concern for many generations. Scientists and the whole medical profession have been startled when they have observed the unexplainable cleansing, and restorative power of faith. My old teacher and friend, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, formerly of Harvard University, recently made the statement that faith in the Divine Power to heal was in more cases responsible for recovery than any of us know. Over and above the wisdom of man and the glory of all creation there is undoubtedly a master intelligence presiding. Savage or civilized human beings answer the call of the Great Divine. In a very short time the Indian boy arose and was walking around the camp. The chief roared a boisterous command, savages darted like arrows hither and yon, and in less time than it takes to write these sentences their purloined prizes were reassembled and Hanks started on his way with the blessings of the Indians. From that time until his death Hanks was a friend of the Indians.

When word came to Brigham Young that Johnston's Army had been dispatched to annihilate the Mormons, Ephraim Hanks and Lot Smith were among the scouts sent out to stop the advance and foil the understood purpose of General Johnston's two thousand warriors. I do not know how many scouts were sent, but I think not more than a dozen. They sighted the Army near Laramie, Wyoming. That is where the first stampede of the Army's cattle and mules took place. These scouts drove the cattle and mules away until they did not have enough stock when they arrived at Fort Bridger to proceed. This handful of Mormon scouts forced Johnston's Army into winter camp at Fort Bridger, Wyoming.

So many strange things happened that the teamsters, cooks, and baggage squad were frightened into hysterics. A cook had a huge pot of coffee cooking on a camp fire near a clump of willows. When it was ready to serve, Hanks cut a forked willow, hooked it into the bail of the coffee pot, and hoisted the coffee into the brush. It was served for the scout's supper. The cook was terrified.

The Army passed over a steep mountain and the baggage wagons, food, ammunition and clothing were climbing up the trail when Lot Smith met the head teamster. Hanks hid in the brush. Smith told the teamsters to pull their wagons into a compact circle; he would kill the first man who disobeyed orders.

When they looked down the barrel of that long scout rifle, they immediately obeyed. The order came from Smith to unhitch their mules and beat a retreat after he had made them set fire to the wagons. The old tires, bolts, and burs may yet be seen on the Mormon trail in the central part of Wyoming where the wagons were burned. Smith told them that the first shot he fired would be a signal for his men waiting in the brush to kill them all. Ephraim K. Hanks was the only man waiting in the brush. Little by little and piece by piece, they stopped and took away their necessary stock and equipment. Soon the army was forced into camp—a result of these scouts' efforts.

In the immediate years following his experience with Johnston's Army, Hanks met freezing and starving emigrant companies, which he brought to Utah. Tom Dobson and the remnant of his company were brought in by Hanks. The following is his, Dobson's, story:

"We pulled our handcarts into a circle and made camp on the east bank of the Platte River. It had been snowing all day. Eight inches of snow had fallen. We cleared the circle enclosed by handcarts and made fire. A big, old-fashioned iron kettle was swung on three sticks over the fire; snow enough melted in it to make it half full of water. When it was boiling, we added our last flour and meal and hoped we could cook enough gravy for each to have some. We knew this would be our last food. The sun was setting, a sharp,

cold, biting wind was stirring loose snow. People's hands and feet were frozen. They were all half starved and practically without clothing." The tears rolled down his face when he told me, "My toes were frozen, too. This seemed like the end.

"On the western horizon we could see a black object which we first thought was a buffalo. As the object came nearer we could see it was a man on a mule. When Ephraim Hanks rode that mule up the bank of the river, he was using a buffalo tail for a whip. He swung it over his head as he rode into the circle by the fire, calling, 'Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Keep your spirits up. There is a load of food on the way.' He dropped the buffalo tail into the fire, stepped off his mule, and looked into the eyes of doomed men and women."

Dobson said, "I was a boy, only twelve years old, but Ephraim Hanks looked more like a God to me than any human being I ever saw.

"Hanks scrutinized the camp. Few men who understood would have courage to meet the situation. He returned to the fire and with a stick extracted the buffalo tail. After scraping the burned hair and outside of the skin, he cut it into small pieces and dropped it into the broth which they had boiling in the kettle.

"'All you men who can, get your axes quickly; cut those trees under the bluff.' Hanks with his mule and lariat and the men with axes soon provided a fire down

the middle of the road. The circle of handcarts was broken and placed on either side of the road. It was now dry enough to make beds. The night was a cold one and the next morning eighteen people were dead. Hanks, with his hunting knife, amputated a baby's feet, and a lady's legs at the knees to stop the spread of gangrene. The amputated limbs were covered in the family grave where eighteen comrades sleep their long sleep.

"Hanks had killed a buffalo, and it was only a short time until he returned with the carcass of meat to feed the company until the wagon with food came. Then the trek was resumed, wagons leading, handcarts following. For a thousand miles the trail was marked with shallow graves."

Dobson said: "I will never forget Uncle Eph. My toes were frozen black. He showed me how to wrap them in burlap and gave me a place on a platform which protruded behind the wagon. Then he said to me, 'Now, Tommy, this is your place. You walk every step you can, but, when you cannot walk any more, sit right up on this corner and have a ride.'

"Two middle-aged ladies were given the back inside corners of the wagon for their place to ride when they could not walk. One day they were riding almost all day. The weather was very cold. Uncle Eph rode by and said, 'Sisters, if you don't get out of that wagon and walk, we will have to bury you both before sun-

down.' Their graves marked the campground on that day's trip.

"We arrived at Fort Bridger, Wyoming, to find Johnston's Army. The Indians and soldiers were having a barbecue, and many Indians were camped in the yard." Dodson said, "We had eaten the last food. It seemed we would starve. We made a fire and drew the carts around in a circle. One old lady had kept a bantam rooster, shared her rations with it and carried it in a box. It was her pet. After the fire was lighted, Hanks said, 'Granny, get your rooster and let him run around the fire to crow.' The Indians had never seen a tame chicken, and this little bantam rooster was a great curiosity. The Indians finally brought their chief to see the rooster, crowing with all his might as only a bantam can. Hanks finally traded the rooster to the Indians for two beef steers and two ponies. The steers were butchered. That night, tongues, livers, hearts, and brains made those starving emigrants a glorious dinner.

"While supper was cooking, Uncle Eph said, 'Tommy, put that end gate in front of the fire and dance as you have never danced before. I promise you in the name of Israel's God your toes will get well.' And my toes did get well."

Through the march of human ages, reason, sense and understanding have all been pushed far into the background by unusual and unexpected healings. Tom Dobson was the personal bodyguard of Brigham Young,

and I think had average common sense, perhaps more than the average man. He bowed his head in profound reverence both to Hanks and the God in heaven for making his toes well.

"One day the Indians circled us and it seemed for a time that our journey was over. Hanks played madman; blacked half his teeth with charcoal and told us to tie him with a lariat to the front wagon wheel, which we did. He cried, muttered, screamed, and again the Indians went their way. From Fort Bridger the remnant of our company limped and staggered into Salt Lake City. Hanks lost three toes, but after the dance on the end gate, mine were well.

"Now I'm an old man, and I wanted to tell you this story because all who came through with that emigrant party owe their lives to Eph Hanks."

The new and blossoming Latter Day Saints faith introduced many practices and organizations which I think are a distinction, the Order of Enoch, polygamy or plural marriage, paying ten per cent tithing for the support and upkeep of the church. Plural marriage was very popular among the Mormons. The leaders and the important members of the church entered into polygamy with church approval until 1892. Jane Capener, my grandmother, and Thisby Read were the plural wives of Ephraim Hanks. Seven children were born to my grandmother and Thisby Read had thirteen.

Parley's Park, or what is now known as Park City, Utah, was the home of Ephraim Hanks and his plural wives. His first family of seven remained in Salt Lake City. Hanks discovered the old Pinion mine, which is now known as the Alliance, in Park City. James Lindsay helped dig and sack the pockets of silver and lead, which, if not the first, were among the first metals marketed from Park City district. The sacks of ore were laced in cow hides and slid down the mountain sides to the bottom of the canyon. Ox-teams freighted the ore to Salt Lake City.

Immense riches hovered near Ephraim K. Hanks, but he did not keep it. His soul and mentality was that of a great man: he would share with those who were in need, Indian or white. The crude and difficult circumstances surrounding him make it difficult to understand that he was given credit for being the greatest healer in the church. Phenomenal administrations credited him with raising the dead. Healing the hopelessly ill was an everyday happening.

Grandma Clegg said to me, "My children and I were starving. We had eaten our last food. In the middle of the night there was a rap on my door. When I opened it, a quarter of beef rolled in on the floor, and Ephraim Hanks said, 'The Lord has plenty of cattle and the Lord's children must be fed.' Steers, oxen, and other articles of food which had been paid into the storehouse of the Lord were distributed unofficially by Eph Hanks."

A yoke of huge oxen were used to pull the blocks of granite in the yard where the Temple was in the course of construction in Salt Lake City. Long service, hot weather, short feed, and continual work made the oxen poor. Consequently, they were sent to graze and rest near Hank's ranch in Parley's Park. The heavy work of clearing timber, brush, and stumps made Hanks smile a welcome to these good, old oxen. He removed the brass knobs from their horns, made a yoke to fit his new-found work team, and, after his plowing and heavy work were finished, he loaned them to a neighbor, who hauled a load of wood to the old tithing office in Salt Lake City. When he unyoked the oxen, they walked around to their stalls as if they had not been away. The excited temple workers gathered around the man, and, when the story was told to the boss at the Temple yard, he said, "Bishop Hunter says, 'Tell Hanks to bring back the brass knobs and we'll call it square.'"

Pleasant Valley in Wayne County was the third and last home of Ephraim K. Hanks and his wife Thisby. His sons and their pals had brought to the ranch several bronchos. One little, scrawny mustang was being hobbled, blindfolded, and saddled by half a dozen would-be cowboys. Ephraim Hanks watched them from the ranch house, making their extensive preparation. He called, "What on earth are you boys doing?"

"Going to ride this broncho," they answered.

"All boyism, all boyism," he replied. "Let me show you how!" He immediately took the blindfold, hobbles, and lasso off and stepped up into the saddle and rode the pony across the yard. To show the boys he was not a bad horse, he kept riding until they overtook him on their ponies. They started down a narrow gulch, when they crowded together. The pony which Ephraim Hanks rode lunged and plunged down the hill into the creek. The larigo strap on the saddle which held the cinch broke, Eph Hanks and his saddle fell on the stones and bruised the foot where the frozen toes were gone. A few days later he died peacefully as the gangrene poison spread from his crippled foot through his body.

Family and doctors plead operation, but, like Socrates, he said, "I have only a few days more to live and I will take my body with me intact."

Dispensing hope into the lives of men is and has been the work of churches and religion since the dawn of time. Civilized or savage, the hope producing ceremonies have been performed much to the consolation of recipients. Men should be entitled to the rights and ceremonies which bring them hope and make them live and die more comfortably. Two thousand Indians gathered around the ranch, and on the mountain tops kindled great watch fires, danced their medicine dance; but "Queant's" spirit passed quietly the way of all flesh. The Latter Day Saints Church conducted the funeral service. He died a Latter Day Saint, a Patriarch.

CHAPTER IV

NYMPHAS CORIDON MURDOCK —MORMON PIONEER

Nymphas came home one evening late, tipsy and tippy, and went to bed. Melissa and Esther, his two wives, decided to settle family scores. They turned Nymphas on his back in bed. Melissa perched, 300 pounds of motherly dignity, squarely on his neck and shoulders. Esther used the old rawhide slipper. They paid all family scores, and returned all his spankings his mother had omitted.

NYMPHAS CORIDON MURDOCK was born at Utica, New York, May 12, 1833. His father was Joseph Murdock, a Mormon convert who emigrated to New York from New England. His mother was Sally Stacy Murdock. His eldest brother, Joseph S. Murdock; a half-sister, Betsey Murdock Green; and a brother, John Murdock, were the members of the Murdock family. They owned a sugar bush (a grove of maple sugar trees), at, or near, Utica, New York. When they were converted to the Latter Day Saints faith, the family sold their property and emigrated to the Mormon headquarters at Nauvoo, Illinois. When they arrived there, the family assets were placed at the dis-